THE LAMENTATION OF Abbot G——TIER, FOR THE DEFEAT OF THE PRETENDER,

On *Monday*, the Fifth of *APRIL*.

By Way of Dialogue, between Him and Sir *Patrick Law-eſs*.

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THE LAMENTATION OF Abbot *G---tier*, &c.

Sir *Patr*——

WHAT! All in Tears my Dear *Abbot*?

Abb——

Faith, Don *Patricio*, they come from my Heart.

Sir *Patr*——

Has the *Scine* overflow'd *Paris*? Is *France* Starv'd for want of more *Engliſh* Beef? Is *Dunkirk* to be Demoliſh'd in Earneſt? Thou haſt gain'd two Abbies by the Peace, and keep'ſt up thy Cherry-Cheeks and double Chin under a good Mellow Pox, the Care of a Big-Belly'd Nun, or a Small Slip of Adultery can't diſcompoſe a Man of thy Venerable Character.

Abb——

Thoſe, you know, Sir *Patrick*, are Venial in our Holy Catholick Church, and ſhould be ſo here, if I once came to be Legate a *Latere*.

Sir *Patr*——

Prithee, Dear *Abbot*, explain thy ſelf: You and I are

under equal Circumſtances; if we were in an Enemy's Country, or Diſtruſtful of each other, we might be inclin'd to Caution; but when we have a Multitude Bigotted to our Wiſhes, a Majority, of you know who, and a Plenary Indulgence granted, you know where, and both entire Confidents: No more Cautionary ſhrugs I beg of you —— I find you are a Stranger to the world.

Abb——

I Wiſh you are not ſo: I tell you we have loſt more Ground within theſe few days, than I have been gaining for three Years: We are Defeated juſt as we were at the Revolution, without a Blow.

Sir *Patr*——

How ſo? All that I Converſe with are Right to a Man. It's almoſt Unfaſhionable to refuſe the Young Gentleman in a Bumper. We have Bully'd the World ſo long on the Topick of *Hereditary Right*, with Impunity, that it's Rare to find a *Sneaker* in Company.

Abb——

I find your Converſation lies chiefly amongſt the Ranters, Indigent and Inſenſible, who will make a very mean Figure when the Cauſe comes to an Hearing. Oh! The Faction, the Faction!

Sir *Patr*——

I can ſcarce Pardon your Weakneſs, when you mention it: We have been aſſur'd in Print, That has been Defeated long ſince; they have, as they have been order'd, Dy'd with Decency, the Devil is in it if they have Riſen again.

Abb——

The Dragon, it's true, is Dead; but his Teeth have been Sown, and Monſters have Sprouted up from them, who have joyn'd, and made a Strict Confederacy againſt our Holy Mother.

Sir *Patr*——

I always thought we told Noſes Right; and I cannot believe People will deny that in Practice, which they have own'd in Theory. Is Sir *Roger*, our Agent, True?

Abb——

As true as Steel: His Intereſt, His Life, and little Fortune oblige him to it. He has Prick'd his Finger, and Contracted in Blood; but his Imps, —— his Imps.——

Sir *Patr*——

Since you are pleas'd to Intrench your ſelf in ſuch Ambiguities, Dear Abbot, I muſt be free in my Queſtion, how comes our Friend, Sir *Roger*, out of his Scheme? He has been always Reported a Man of a Large Head, tho' a Short Noſe.

Abb—

He cannot do impracticable Things. I ſtill own him to be one of us; and he acts up to his firſt Pretenſions obſtinately enough; and we muſt do him the Juſtice to ſay, He did what lay in his Power to get a Bridge built for us over the River that runs between our Convent and his Church; and employ'd all his Intereſt to Empannel a proper Jury for that Purpoſe; but I tell you, he cannot ſtop the Tide with his Thumb at *Graveſend*.

Sir *Patr*—.

Then, I find, I was in the Dark, and ſtand Corrected: I was of Opinion, That moſt People had taken a full Doſe of Opium, and were pleas'd with the Trance.

Abb—

No, no; *Argalus* has wak'd out of his Dream at laſt, and calls his New Patrons but ſilly *Projectors*: *Angligenus*, no longer contented with fair Promiſes of great Advantages to be procur'd to his *Hundred*, declares, He will be bubbled no longer. *Dancus* avows

his Vicaridge ſufficiently Eſtabliſhed, without Appealing to Foreign Decretals: And *Abingius* ſwears, He'll ſerve Conſtable no longer, if he cannot be allow'd to keep the Peace in his own Way.

Sir *Patr*—

This is a very ſudden Alarum: For my Part, if Things take this Turn, I'll e'en ſhift for my Self in ſome Foreign Country, out of the Reach of the Duke of *Medina*'s Relations

Abb—

And I'll retire to Two Fat Abbies, out of Count *Gallas*'s Way, and out of the Clutches of ſuch Fickle People. Lord! what an Eſcape our Young Maſter had, that he did not come over *Incognito*, as projected ——— I am ſatisfy'd, too late, we have always been deceiv'd in our Strength, and all that we can do, is, to Delude and Diſtreſs for a while, but never compaſs our Ends: My former Hopes lay in Diſtinctions, but now *Whig* and *Tory* are ceas'd, and nothing but *Papiſt* or *Proteſtant*, in the Months of all People. I deſpair: —— Ten Pound for a Boat, and Twenty, next Tide, for Sir *Roger*. If Affairs had ſucceeded, I might have been equal to *Woolſey*; but a True *Engliſh Here—ck* has ſupplanted me againſt the Opinion of my Friend, Sir *Roger*. My *Red Hat* is turn'd pale of a ſudden, and I muſt be content to be Patriarch in *Partibus Infidelium*, inſtead of being Legate a *Latere* at *Y——k*.

Sir *Patr*—

I ſhan't ſtay for a Paſs, for Fear of bringing up the Rear of ſome buſy Gentlemen, in a Proclamation for my Head and Bowels, and ſo, Dear *Padre*, Adieu.

Abb—

I cannot adviſe you to ſtay: The Game is loſt, for our Enemies have diſcover'd our Hand, by Playing our Honours ſo fluſh at firſt; and e'en let Lewd *Harry Rattle* ſtay behind, and confirm his Saintſhip by Martyrdom.

F I N I S.